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To be continued every THURSDAY.

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THE entertainment (I do not ſay the diverſion) which I mentioned in my laſt paper, tumbled my imagination to ſuch a degree, and ſuggeſted ſuch a variety of indiſtinct ideas to my mind, that notwithſtanding all the pains I took to ſort and digeſt, I could not reduce them to method: I ſhall therefore throw them out in this paper without order, and juſt as they occurred to me.

WHEN I conſidered that, perhaps, two millions of my fellow ſubjects paſſed two parts in three of their lives in the very ſame manner in which the worthy members of my friend's club paſſed theirs, I was at a loſs to diſcover that attractive, irreſiſtible, and inviſible charm (for I confeſs I ſaw none) to which they ſo deliberately and aſſiduouſly ſacrificed their time, their health, and their reaſon; till dipping accidentally into monſieur Paſchal, I read upon the ſubject of hunting the following paſſage.

ſage. *What, unleſs to drown thought* (ſays that excellent writer) *can make men throw away ſo much time upon a ſilly animal, which they might buy much cheaper in the market? It hinders us from looking into ourſelves, which is a view we cannot bear.* That this is often one motive, and ſometimes the only one of hunting, I can eaſily believe. But then it muſt be allowed too, that if the jolly ſportſman, who thus vigorouſly runs away from himſelf, does not break his neck in his flight, he improves his health, at leaſt, by his exerciſe. But what other motive can poſſibly be aſſigned for the SOAKER's daily and ſeriouſly ſwallowing his own deſtruction, except that of *drowning thought, and hindering him from looking into himſelf, which is a view he cannot bear?*

UNHAPPY the man who cannot willingly and frequently converſe with himſelf; but miſerable in the higheſt degree is the man who dares not. In one of theſe two predicaments muſt that man be, who ſoaks and ſleeps away his whole life. Either tired of himſelf for want of any reflections at all, or dreading himſelf for fear of the moſt tormenting ones, he flies for refuge from his folly or his guilt, to the company of his fellow ſufferers, and to the intoxication of ſtrong liquors.

ARCHBISHOP Tillotſon aſſerts, and very truly, that no man can plead in defence of ſwearing, that he was born of a ſwearing conſtitution. I believe the ſame thing may with equal truth be affirmed of drinking. No man is born a drinker. Drinking is an acquired, not a natural vice. The child, when firſt he taſtes ſtrong liquors, rejects them with evident ſigns of diſguſt; but is inſenſibly brought firſt to bear, and then perhaps to like them, by the folly of his parents, who promiſe them as an encouragement, and give them as a reward.

WHEN the coroner's inqueſt examines the body of one of thoſe unhappy wretches, who drown themſelves in a pond

pond or a river, with commonly a proviſion of lead in their pockets to make the work the ſurer, the verdict is either *ſelo de ſe*, or lunatic. Is it then the water, or the ſuddeneſs of the plunge, that conſtitutes either the madneſs or the guilt of the act? Is there any difference between a water and a wine ſuicide? If there be, it is evidently in favour of the former, which is never ſo deliberate and premeditated as the latter. The SOAKER jogs on with a gentler pace indeed, but to as ſure and certain deſtruction; and as a proof of his intentions, would, I believe, upon examination, be generally found to have a good deal of lead about him too. He cannot alledge in his defence, that he has not warning, ſince he daily ſees in the chronical diſtempers of all his fellow SOAKERS, the fatal effects of that ſlow poiſon which he ſo greedily guzzles: for I defy all the HONEST GENTLEMEN, that is, all the hard drinkers in England (a numerous body I doubt) to produce me one ſingle inſtance of a SOAKER, whoſe health and faculties are not viſibly impaired by drinking. Some indeed, born much ſtronger than others, hold it out longer, and are abſurdly quoted as living proofs even of the ſalutary effects of drinking: but though they have not yet any of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characteriſtics of their profeſſion about them, though they have not yet loſt one half of themſelves by an Hemiplegia, nor the uſe of all their limbs by the gout; though they are but moderately mangy, and though the impending dropſy may not yet appear; I will venture to affirm that the health they boaſt of is at beſt but an aukward ſtate between ſickneſs and health: if they are not actually ſick, they are not actively well, and you will always find ſome complaint or other, inadvertently drop from the triumphant SOAKER, within half an hour after he has aſſured you that he is neither *ſick nor ſorry*. My wife, who is a little ſuperſtitious, and perhaps too

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apt to point out, and interpret judgments (otherwiſe an excellent woman) firmly believes, that the dropſy, of which moſt SOAKERS finally die, is a manifeſt, and juſt judgment upon them; the wine they ſo much loved being turned into water, and they being drowned at laſt, in the element they ſo much abhorred.

A RATIONAL and ſober man, invited by the wit and gaiety of good company, and hurried away by an uncommon flow of ſpirits, may happen to drink too much, and perhaps accidentally to get drunk; but then theſe ſallies will be ſhort, and not frequent. Whereas the SOAKER is an utter ſtranger to wit and mirth, and no friend to either. His buſineſs is ſerious, and he applies himſelf ſeriouſly to it; he ſteadily purſues the numming, ſtupifying, and pertrifying, not the animating and exhilerating qualities of the wine. Gallons of the Nepenthe would be loſt upon him. The more he drinks the duller he grows; his politics become more obſcure, and his narratives more tedious and leſs intelligible; till at laſt *maudlin*, he employs what little articulation he has left, in relating his doleful tale to an inſenſible audience. I fear my countrymen have been too long noted for this manner of drinking, ſince a very old and eminent French hiſtorian, ſpeaking of the Engliſh who were then in poſſeſſion of Aquitain, the promiſed land of claret, ſays, *Ils ſe ſaoulerent grandement, et ſe divertirent moult triſtement a la mode de leur païs.*

A VERY ſkillful ſurgeon of my acquaintance aſſured me, that having opened the body of a SOAKER, who died of an apoplexy, he had found all the finer tubes and veſſels plugged up with the tartar of the wine he had ſwallowed, ſo as to render the circulation of the blood abſolutely impoſſible, and the folds of the ſtomach ſo ſtiffened with it, that it could not perform it's functions. He compared the body of the deceaſed to a ſiphon ſo

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choaked up with the tartar and dregs of the wine that had run through it, as to be impervious. I adopted this image, which ſeemed to me a juſt one; and I ſhall for the future typify the SOAKER by the ſiphon, ſuction being equally the only buſineſs of both.

AN object, viewed at once, and in it's full extent, will ſometimes ſtrike the mind, when the ſeveral parts and gradations of it, ſeparately ſeen, would be but little attended to. I ſhall therefore here preſent the ſociety of SIPHONS with a calculation, of which they cannot diſpute the truth, and will not, I believe, deny the moderation; and yet perhaps they will be ſurpriſed when they ſee the groſs ſums of the wine they ſuck, of the money they pay for it, and of the time they loſe in the courſe of ſeven years only.

I RECKON that I put a ſtaunch SIPHON very low, when I put him only at two bottles a day, one day with another. This in ſeven years amounts to four thouſand four hundred and ten bottles, which make twenty hogſheads, and ſeventy bottles.

SUPPOSING this quantity to coſt only four ſhillings a bottle, which I take to be the loweſt price of claret, the ſum amounts to eight hundred and eighty two pounds.

ALLOWING every SIPHON but ſix hours a day to ſuck his two bottles in, which is a ſhort allowance, that time amounts to ſix hundred and thirty eight days, eighteen hours; one full quarter of his life, for the abovementioned ſeven years. Can any rational being coolly conſider theſe three groſs ſums, of wine, and conſequently diſtempers ſwallowed, of money laviſhed, and time loſt, without ſhame, regret, and a reſolution of reformation?

I AM well aware that the numerous ſociety of SIPHONS will ſay, like ſir Tunbelly, what would this fellow have us do? To which I am at no loſs for an anſwer. Do any thing elſe. Preſerve and improve that reaſon which

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